LEADER.

Thebes hath oVr me no sway!
None save Him I obey,
Dionysus, Child of the Highest, Him I obey and adore !

MESSENGER*

One can forgive thee !—Yet 'tis no fair thing,
Maids, to rejoice in a man^s suffering.

LEADER.

Speak of the mountain side I
Tell us the doom he died,
The sinner smitten to death, even where his sin was
sore !

MESSENGER.

We climbed beyond the utmost habitings
Of Theban shepherds, passed Asopus[1] springs,
And struck into the land of rock on dim
Kithaeron—Pentheus, and, attending him,
I, and the Stranger who should guide our way.
Then first in a green dell we stopped, and lay,
Lips dumb and feet unmoving, warily
Watching, to be unseen and yet to see.
A narrow glen it was, by crags o'crtowcrcd,
Torn through by tossing waters, and there lowered
A shadow of great pines over it And there
The Maenad maidens sate; in toil they were,
Busily glad. Some with an ivy chain
Tricked a worn wand to toss its locks again ;
Some, wild in joyance, like young steeds set free,
Made answering songs of mystic melody.
But my poor master saw not the great band
Before him* "Stranger/' cried he, "where we stand